The Saturday News

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Jasper's Note Book

The special civic census shows that Edmonton has a population of 53,383. Those who have not been closely in touch with the city during the past year smile when they are told the returns and say that it is another case where the wish is father to the enumerators' figures.

Astounding though the increase must have been during the past year, if the census is a correct one, every other method by which we measure the city's growth bears out the result of the count. This week for instance the building returns for 1912 reached twice the figure for the whole of 1911. For the first six months of the year they were more than twice Vancouver's, and within $600,000 of those of Winnipeg, a city with a population of over 150,000.

The total reported is 22,921 more than was given by the Dominion census of June, 1911 for the now united cities. It is quite clear that that was several thousand short. Edmonton had as much reason to complain as the majority of western cities in respect to it. Taking this into consideration the advance is about equal to that which Calgary made in a single year when the great forward movement started there.

It simply means that Edmonton's time has at last come after many years of waiting. It has been living for a long while on hope for the most part. Now, with the extension of railway lines in all directions into the territory lying beyond it, from which it must draw its chief economic strength, it has something more substantial to draw its sustenance from.

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The question of the crossing of the C.P.R. tracks on Athabasca and Peace Avenues is again to the fore. When the C.P.R. agreement was before the citizens the Saturday News urged that definite provision should be made in connection with it for the carrying through of these streets. The majority held that it was not a matter of present importance and that it could be safely left for the distant future to take care of.

But C.P.R. trains are not running into Edmonton as yet and the need of securing these as uninterrupted thoroughfares is already felt. An arrangement will have to be made by which the streets may be carried over the tracks. The cost of this will now have to be borne wholly by the city in all probability, which is hardly equitable and could have been avoided by a little foresight.

* * *

Probably no candidate for a high office has ever had his campaign launched under more favorable circumstances than is the case with that of Woodrow Wilson. Everyone who is not talking merely for effect assumes that he will be elected and the mass of united public opinion is agreed that he is just the man that the nation has been looking for. If he is defeated, it will simply be by the expenditure of vast sums of money by the forces of predatory wealth, who fear what he will do when he attains power. If they succeed they will be simply hastening a day of more terrible retribution.

Why they tried to bring about his defeat at Baltimore, is not hard to understand after watching his course as governor of New Jersey or reading such an arraignment of the alliance that exists between special interests and political bosses as the following, which he addressed to a gathering of his sympathizers:

"Its existence is notorious. I have made it my business for many years to observe and understand that system, and I hate it as thoroughly as I understand it. You are quite right in saying that the system is bi-partisan; that it constitutes the most dangerous condition in the public life of our state and nation today, and that it has virtually, for the time being, destroyed representative government, and in its place set up a government of privilege. I would propose to abolish it by the above reforms, by the election to office of men who will refuse to submit to it and who will bend all their energies to break it up, and by pitiless publicity.

Mr. Wilson's cure for the rapacity of the great corporations is laws that would fix responsibility, not upon the company, but upon the man or men behind the company.

* * *

This sketch of the Democratic candidate was published some months ago by William B. Hole:

"No one can listen to Woodrow Wilson and see the emotions of the audiences of earnest men which hang upon his words without feeling that he is witnessing the beginning of a political revolution, and that its prophet and captain stands before him. This is a new language—but one for which the people have an instinctive, Pentecostal understanding. It is a flame on the forehead and a shout on the lips, and it cannot be, I think—if this gift of speech is backed by the voucher of deeds such as he promises to do as Governor of New Jersey—but that this man will be hailed as the incontestable leader of Democracy when his party nominates its candidate for the Presidency.

"One hates to stop without giving a sharper picture of the vitality of the man. The prime thing is that he is real—real all through, from top to bottom. There isn't a sham anywhere in his neighborhood. His mind is constitutionally incapable of tolerating unreality—it revolts against it like a nauseated stomach.

"Imagine a student of government, one of the most eminent America has produced; a man of rich literary and ethical culture; of the fine fiber and mellow spirit that our ancient universities still occasionally shelter and develop; a man with a heart not unvisited by emotions—who is yet able to go into the sordid battle of politics, face the 'mean knights' like a Lancelot, keep his temper, crack his joke, and win.

"Imagine a type of culture in its finest flower, and then add to its endowment, tact, method, efficiency, a shrewd knowledge of men, a sense of humor, a passion for facts, a zest for constructive work and an instinct for leadership—and begin to get something like a picture of a remarkable man."

This may seem like indulging in unwarranted superlatives. But no one who has followed American politics closely can have any doubt that the conclusions to which Mr. Hole comes are borne out by the facts. The rise of a man like Woodrow Wilson, a great scholar and publicist with a firm practical grasp of present-day problems is the most significant thing that has happened on this continent in many years.

As for Mr. Roosevelt, he insists that he will be a candidate despite the defection of a considerable number of his more prominent supporters, either to the Taft or the Wilson ranks. If his candidacy was dictated by a real desire to promote the public welfare not by personal ambition, we should have heard the last of it. It is well known that if he had consented to the movement to nominate Hadley, one of the most prominent and loyal of his supporters, at the Chicago convention it might have succeeded. But it is apparently a case with him of Roosevelt and nobody else. Ideas are not what count with him.

* * *

The struggle that has started across the border has very great interest to us in Canada, for we have very similar problems to face here. They have not yet attained the same proportions with us, but the seeds have been sown that will result in evils quite as gigantic, if something is not done to curb them.

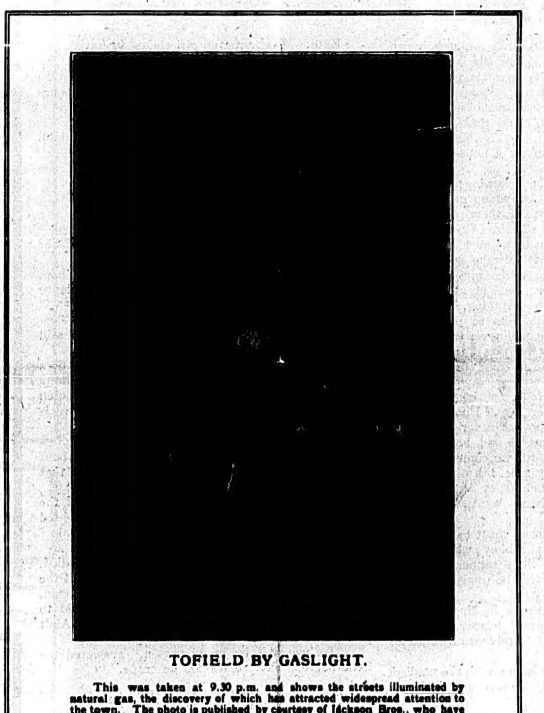
What Mr. Wilson had to say about the bi-partisan system of corporation control is just as true of Canada as of the United States. The Montreal Herald sounded a very effective warning the other day. It is the leading English Liberal paper of the province of Quebec and knows what it is talking about. It declared that Canada will give greater honor than she ever gave to Sir John Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to the "strong, public-hearted, straight-standing man" who will "stand between her and the gathering clans of corporate and aggressive greed."

There is no question that this is the man that the future calls for. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wilson's candidature will give the inspiration that we so much require in this country.

* * *

The despatch says that severe sentences were meted out to the convicted members of the Camorra. Considering the nature of the crimes for which they were on trial and the reign of terror that they had instituted, it strikes one that they were let off very easily with terms ranging from thirty to five years.

Anyone who has lived under British institutians is bound to make comparisons between the treatment that has been accorded these criminals in Italy and what would have happened in a British country. We should have seen none of the theatricalities which have been such a constant source of interest to newspaper readers, and which had their proper climax in the attempted suicide of one of the prisoners on learning of the decision in his case.



TOFIELD BY GASLIGHT.

This was taken at 9.30 p.m. and shows the streets illuminated by natural gas, the discovery of which has attracted widespread attention to the town. The photo is published by courtesy of Jackson Bros., who have opened a branch store in Tofield, which is that behind the man in the soft felt hat in the picture.

Where months have elapsed to bring the trial to an issue at Viterbo, as many days would have sufficed with us. Nor when a conviction was obtained would any chance be taken that such cut-throats should again operate against society.

There is no more complete test of the efficiency of a system of government than its methods of dealing with offenders against its laws and it is only as the traditions of stern jusitce that have grown up under British institutions are maintained, that these can continue a source of lasting pride.

British citizenship really means something. The sentiment associated with it has its basis in real service to those who are fortunate enough to live under the Union Jack.

In considering the sentences given in the Camorra case, it should be remembered that Italy does not inflict capital punishment, that the extreme penalty is imprisonment for life. When twelve years ago, the young Italian operative, Bresci, left his work at Paterson, New Jersey, and crossed the ocean to his old home with the deliberate intention of killing King Humbert on the first occasion that was offered, he was only given a life term after accomplishing his purpose. Those who believe that capital punishment is a necessity have a very effective example to cite in support of their theory, in the experience of Italy.

* * *

The writer of the column signed "Marmaduke" in London Truth, Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, has retired from his connection with that weekly, and in so doing states that in all the years he has been a journalist, he has not made a single enemy. This is a very remarkable boast. It is inconceivable how anyone could make it truthfully, who has accomplished anything that was worth while in a journalistic way. It is impossible to attack evils that require attention and criticize individuals, who need to be shown to the public in their true light, without incurring the hostility of those concerned. In many cases unfortunately the general public, whose interests are being served, does not recognize this sufficiently to compensate one, at least directly, for the ever-watchful enemies that are brought into existence. The public forgets. The man who has been hit seldom or never forgets.

When one hears of this and that man whom everybody speaks well of, he is reminded of the philosophy of Sir Oliver Surface in the School for Scandal. When he was told about his goody-goody nephew, he replied: "I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Pshaw! Then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue."

* * *

It was unfortunate that the amalgamation of Edmonton and Strathcona took place at a time of the year when festivities in honor of the event were not feasible. The south side sports, held on Wednesday of this week, after being postponed from Dominion Day, provided an enjoyable afternoon for the large crowd that turned out, and, in the absence of anything more auspicious, were made to take the place of an amalgamation celebration. As a matter of fact, it seemed at this stage more like recalling a historical event than anything else. Though only a little over five months have gone by since the two cities joined hands, there are few traces of the former distinctions. Everyone is pulling together for Edmonton, the former Strathconaites being most insistent that they should be freely recognized as belonging to the Greater City.

* * *

Mr. J. W. Wallace, of Calgary, has been looking into the origin of the name of that city. Colonel McLeod, Commissioner of the Mounted Police, was responsible for it. The name first appears in a government report in 1876. It was that of an estate and adjacent bay on the northern shore of the Island of Mull, on the west coast of Scotland. It is derived from the Gaelic "Calgaraidh." On the estate there is a Calgary castle.

* * *

The government of Manitoba is making preparations to lease its 172 provincial grain elevators to the Grain Growers' Grain Company. Whatever the reason, the Manitoba administration, after a three years' experiment, admits that the enterprise was a complete failure. Its experience should have the effect of checking similar movements elsewhere. The business is not one that, under exisitng administrative methods, there is much of a chance of making pay.

* * *

A man who did much for the cause of civic improvement in the United States died the other day. This was Daniel Burnham, undoubtedly the greatest of civic planners that America has yet produced. He created the White City of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. An address of his that he made in London, at a civic planning conference a short while ago has been recalled. In it this paragraph appeared:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that will stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

He described the city of the future as without smoke, dust, or gases from factories, and declared that the streets will be as" clean as drawing-rooms today." There will be no horses, and all railways will be electrical. All building operations will be effectually shut in to prevent the escape of dust. "We may expect in any event," he foresaw, "double tunnels under all the business streets and the utmost use of the present street levels by extensive double-decking and many more overhead transportation lines."

* * *

Mr. Maxwell, the distinguished war correspondent who has made several visits to Edmonton, pays a unique tribute in the London Daily Mail to the late Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith, and, from first-hand knowledge, throws a new light on the stirring incidents which made Sir George's name a household one throughout the world.

"The story of his defence of this beleaguered village during four months of fighting and starvation," writes Mr. Maxwell, "is one of the glories of our military history. If at one time some of his countrymen doubted the prudence of his choice of Ladysmith as the rallying point of the war in Natal, their doubts vanished when the whole truth was known. The choice was deliberate, and Sir George White never regretted it. He had one regret only, and it was that his comrade Sir Redvers Buller did not share the opinion that Ladysmith was vital to the success of the campaign which began so disastrously.

"Sir George White felt keenly his treatment

(Continued on page 4)

AN UP-TO-DATE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A somewhat unique marriage ceremony was performed recently at Cambridge, Mass. The bride was Miss Jessie Holliday, an artist and daughter of Henry Holliday of Harrow-on-the-Hill, England, and the bridegroom, Edmund Trowbridge Dana, a grandson of Henry W. Longfellow. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace under an arbor on the grounds of the Longfellow home. There were no bridesmaids or best man. The bride wore no orange blossoms, but was simply dressed in white and carried two white roses in her hand with two more pinned at her waist. Miss Halliday is a believer in equal suffrage, and invented all the questions asked by the justice, and planned the answers which she and Mr. Dana memorized. The service was over in two minutes, and ran about like this:

Magistrate—Do you wish to marry this woman?

Man—Yes.

Magistrate—Do you wish to marry this man?

Woman—Yes.

Magistrate—And do you intend to help and consider each other, and do you intend to bring up any children you may have to the best of your ability and for the welfare of the human race?

Man and Woman—We do.

Magistrate—Will you then express your minds to each other?

Man—I, ———, wish to live with you, ———, as my lawful wife, and hope so to live that you may never regret your choice; as a symbol of which I give you this ring.

Woman—I, ———, wish to live with you, ———, as my lawful husband, and hope to be a true comrade and your helpmate; as a symbol of which I give you this ring.

Magistrate—Since ——— and ——— wish to unite in marriage, and have notified each other of the same before me and these witnesses, I now, therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, pronounce them husband and wife.

The ring used on the occasion was a large gold band, and when this was properly placed the bride put a silver ring on her husband's finger.

HOW STRATHCONA HORSE CAME TO BE RAISED

In "From Midshipman to Field Marshal," Sir Evelyn Wood tells the following story of Lord Strathcona's raising of mounted troops in Canada that were sent to South Africa to help the mother country when her need was great.

"On the 22nd of January Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal came into my office," writes Sir Evelyn, who was Adjutant-General of the British at the time, "and said in his gentle voice, 'I should like to do something for our country, and raise some mounted men in Canada and send them to South Africa.' I asked, 'Do you know our men are serving for about eighteen pence a day and you could not get Canadians to go for that.' 'Oh,' he said, 'there will be no difficulty about that, I shall make up any deficiency. What I want you to do is to write down everything necessary in the way of organization.' 'One squadron, two or what?' 'Anything you like.' So I told him a regiment of three squadrons was the most suitable organization if money was no object. He replied, 'No, no object, I should like to do the thing well.'

"It did not take me long to sketch out the establishment required and our only point of difference was that Strathcona insisted, in his quiet way, on having a great number of clergy. Himself a protestant, he desired to keep on good terms with the catholic clergy, amongst whom he had many friends. The number of clergy was certainly redundant in our point of view. Lord Strathcona spent nearly two millions on our country."

The London Daily Mail in its report of a divorce trial says that the eloping couple in the case lived for a time at Calgary, British Columbia. And after all Mr. Bennett's trips over to England, too!

* * *

The Winnipeg Free Press headline artist should be careful. He flashed this news on the front page one day last week: "Ambassador Bryce Compliments Denizens of Underworld." One was startled into reading the particulars of the venerable statesman's sensational conduct, only to discover that all he had done was to make a speech in Australia.

* * *

As the summer season progresses Miss Laura Jane Libby's department in the Calgary Albertan takes on more absorbing interest. One youth writes:

"I am of medium build, with auburn brown hair and a rosy complexion, while she is small and lovely, with lighter hair, blue eyes, and altogether beautiful. Now, are we mated? Don't say no if you think there is the slightest chance of my developing into the character that could make this lady love me."

Surely this is a question for a house decorator not for a heart specialist.

A young lady sends the following:

"In our town there are few young men who do not have bad habits. Most of them drink, and those that don't drink seem so soft. I was out the other evening with a young man whom I had always thought so nice—fine looking, always goes in the best of society. All the girls like him so much, but he insisted on kissing me good night and even asked me to kiss him. Now, anything I dislike is a spoony young man. I told him so plainly and in such a way I feel certain he will never try it again, but I felt insulted to think he would treat me in such a manner the first time in my company. Do you think he thought I was not a nice girl? Would you go with him again? He is fine company and seems so nice in every other way. Don't think I am some 15-year old girl who has never kept company, for I am not. I am 22 and have always been popular with the boys till we came here, and they seem to like the spoony girls, but always want to come back to call on me. They say I am so different from the rest. Now, what would you do?"

How deep the sense of insult must have been!

"Perplexed" asks Miss Libbey what is the proper thing to order at a little supper in a cafe after the show. What could be more heartless than her reply?

"You might order chicken a la king, creamed mushrooms on toast or creamed lobster, or caviar sandwiches, club sandwiches, combination salad or any light salad."

Miss Libbey is clearly in league with the medical profession and the restaurant keepers' association.

* * *

The census shows 10,000 more men than women in Edmonton. Our maiden aunts down east will absolutely insist on paying that long-deferred visit to us now.

* * *

Scott: "There goes Dr. Swellman. Quite a lady-killer, isn't he?"

Mott: "Oh, he treats the other sex also."

* * *

One summer, in the backwoods of Missouri, where I had accompanied Uncle Joe Cannon on a tour of State stumping, a funny incident occurred at the close of a speech which the former Speaker had delivered to a crowd of rustics, one of whom approached with extended hand, saying, with warmth:

"Hulloo, Mr. Cannyun! Reckon ye don't remember me."

"Of course I remember you!" said the other, accepting the proffered hand of the farmer. "I remember you very well, indeed. How's the good wife? And the old white mule—how's he pulling along?"

"By crackey!" laughed the farmer. "To think you'd 'member old Pete! Oh, he's still eatin' his head off, thankee."

Later in the evening I spoke to Cannon and asked him how he chanced upon the mule episode.

"To confess the truth," smiled the old man, "such a thing never entered my head. I didn't know the man from Adam; but when I saw a long white hair on his coat, I took a chance."—Judge.

* * *

A gruesome story reaches us from a certain hospital. On its staff is a surgeon who is famous for the celerity of his operations. The other day he had twelve on the list. When he had polished off the eleventh he asked where the twelfth was. "Oh, Number One refused to leave his bed," he was told. "What a pity!" said the surgeon. "That means that I have performed the wrong operations on all the others, for I took 'em in the order of the list."—Punch.

Maud Muller on a summer's morn
Heard the toot of an auto horn.
She saw the judge go whirling past;
"Gee!" said Maud, "ain't he going fast?"
And then she thought of the sighs and tears
The judge had caused her all these years.
So she set her teeth and never flinched;
But took his number and had-him "pinched."
—Worcester Academy Begonia.

* * *

In some of the country districts of Ireland it is not an uncommon thing to see carts with the owner's names chalked on to save the expense of painting. Practical jokers delight in rubbing out these signs to annoy the owners.

A constabulary sergeant one day accosted a countryman whose name had been thus wiped out unknown to him.

"Is this your cart, my good man?"

"Of course it is!" was the reply. "Do you see anything the matter wid it?"

"I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that your name is o-blitherated."

"Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long word before, "for me name's O'Flaherty, and I don't care who knows it."

* * *

The old caretaker of an Episcopal church, as he sat on a tombstone in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title. "The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "though they may change the words they use. Look at me: Here I used to be the janitor. Then we had a parson who called me the sextant. Dr. Thirdly gave me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says I'm the sacrilege."

* * *

Kate: "That Bragson girl claims to have made a thousand refusals of marriage."

Ethel: "That's true. When Gus asked her to be his wife she replied: 'No; a thousand times no!'"

* * *

Fond Mother: "Now, you go to bed, dear child. Kiss nurse good-night."

Kate: "No, I won't kiss her, because she would slap my face."

Mamma: "What makes you think so?"

Kate: "She always slaps papa."

* * *

Clarence: "Your valet went on strike, did he? I hope you didn't accede to his demands?"

Cloude: "'Pon my life, I had to, old chap. The cunning cweature actually thweatened to leave me one morning when I was half dressed."

* * *

"I see you have just painted your porch," said Sherlock Holmes, jun.

"Yes," replied Dr. Whatson, "but one does not need to have an extraordinary talent for making deductions in order to discover that. The porch looks as if it had just been painted, and there is the smell of fresh paint in the air."

"You do not keep a dog."

"Ah, now you interest me. What is there about my freshly-painted porch that suggests to you that I do not keep a dog?"

"There are no dog tracks on it," replied the the great amateur detective as he calmly lighted his pipe and walked away.—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

Before a house where a colored man had died, a small darkey was standing erect at one side of the door. It was about time for the services to begin, and the parson appeared from within and said to the darkey: "De services am about to begin. Ain't you a-gwine in?"

"Ise would if Ise could parson," answered the little negro, "but y'u see Ise de crape."

* * *

"How does this noted healer who cures his patients by touching them differ from a regular physician?" "Why, he touches them before he cures them."

* * *

Charles Nagel, Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is a tall man, resembling in his build an isolated pine tree, on the top of a hill. Returning to Washington one night from New York he got past the taxicabs and was surrounded by a group of hackmen, to whom he paid absolutely no attention, as he intended to walk the fourteen blocks to his office.

The hackmen greeted him with a storm of such cries as:

"Take you right up town! Take you to the New Willard! Take you to the Raleigh!"

The statesman walked straight ahead without even looking at the besiegers.

"If you want a cheap hotel jump right in here," insisted another driver.

Still Nagel walked on, unheeding.

Finally a Jehu addressed him thus:

"Deaf and dumb asylum! Take you up there in a minute."

At this Mr. Nagel laughed and got into the hack.—Popular Magazine.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Mother," said Harold, "I've been out to the barn and taken all the shoes off the horse."

"Now, Harold," said his mother, "you are telling me a wrong story, and I shall punish you."

"No, truly, I have," persisted Harold. "I took them off, and then I put them on again. If you don't believe it, you can go and look for yourself."

* * *

Father (doing the carving): "By the way, my dear, I'm invited to the Board of Trade dinner next week. They expect over two hundred."

Johnny (to himself): "Gee! I'd hate to be the youngest where that many has to be helped."

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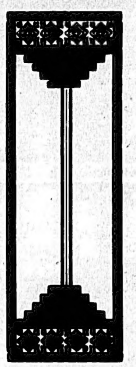

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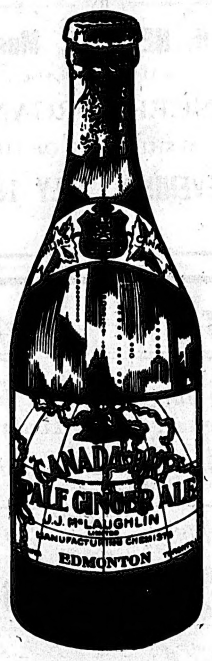

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NO PAIN AFTER SURGERY.

In a recent issue of the "Lancet" Dr. F. W. Forbes-Ross, the Harley-street surgeon, describes a new method of preventing shock and pain after an operation by the hypodermic injection of a solution of quinine and urea at the site of the operation wound.

Last month Dr. Forbes-Ross explained that quinine and urea solution does not take the place of the general anasthetic, but should be injected into the tissues to prevent all pain after the patient has recovered consciousness.

The solution has already been used in a large number of operations, and has reduced shock and pain after the operation to a minimum.

Specially valuable results have been obtained with children, who, by their restlessness after recovery from an anaesthetic, frequently endanger the success of the operation.

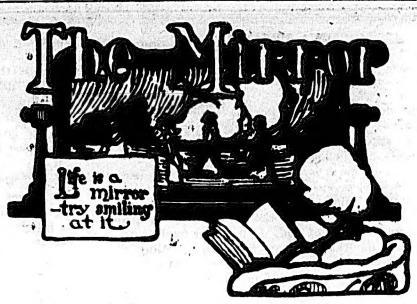
The insensibility to pain lasts from one to six days after one injection. Injections may be repeated as often as necessary, as the solution is non-poisonous and is not a narcotic. The solution does not induce a drug habit.

In the treatment of burns the quinine-urea solution has given gratifying results. A very severe scald of the hand was rendered quite painless, and the swelling and blistering were immediately reduced by injection of the solution.

TITANIC DIAMONDS

(From the Saturday Review)

"Nor is it possible to avoid strange thoughts as to the destiny of the very material that expressed all his wealth and luxury—the silver plate, the beautiful ching, the hot-house flowers, the Jacobean panellings, the Louis XV suites, the tapestries, the brocades, the rare polished woods and inlays, the clothes from Paris, the diamonds and the gold—all within the space of an hour or two convreted into an indescribable mess and mush of lumps and fibres under the stupendous pressure at the ocean bed. For it is no great sea-going town that lies buried there on the dark ooze; no mighty fabric with fishes swimming about over the brocades of deserted cabins. No ship or town exists there—only the unrecognizable ruins of the material of which the town and ship were made. And strange it is to think that among the many lovely works of man crushed out of recognition by that mighty two-mile pressure the only practically indestructible things are the diamonds, the last expression in material of human wealth; and that they will lie there for ever, valuable no more, beautiful no more, harmful no more. . . ."



WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

A little powder on a nose,
A little wave upon the hair,
A little violet on the clothes,
Might take a woman anywhere.

A little dimple in a cheek,
A little twinkle in an eye,
A little smile without a care,
Might take a woman anywhere.

A little word in shyness spoken,
A little squeeze, a little token,
A little car, a little air,
Might take a woman anywhere.

—Bella Donna.

* * *

When I was East about a month ago, I laid an old ghost of mine. It was the fear that living so far west, "off the beaten track," "at this other end of Nowhere," out of touch in a way with the progress of the world, its new books, its advantages in the shape of good plays, fine concerts, the stimulating influence of meeting interesting personages and so forth, I should grow stale and develop into a provincial personage, who could talk nothing but crops, real estate, the cost of living, etc., etc. Well I had a wake one mad day in early June, and buried my old friend, and I did it in Toronto, and this was the way of it.

There is just being completed in the Queen City a museum that would be a credit to any province or state in America. It is situated near McMaster University, just off Bloor, and though not quite completed so far as its interior arrangements are concerned, already houses such a collection of rare exhibits in the shape of laces, old armor, wonderful china, glass, furniture, statuary, etc., as would take one years to study, and furnish the most distracting entertainment for odd hours of leisure for a lifetime.

At the end of one day's sojourn in the city I had discovered all this. At the end of two I had paid it a visit, and then on the third day went to see one of the most prominent, wealthy and cultured women that writes Toronto as her home address. Judge my surprise when in the course of conversation I discovered that what undoubtedly is one of the big show sights of her own fair city, was an undiscovered country to her. She had heard that there was something of the kind going to be, or proposed, or really she had forgotten what—But, no, she hadn't heard anything more about it.

Sothern and Julia Marlowe were playing in town at the time. I asked her if she had been to see them. No; she was quite ashamed; she was afraid she went very seldom to the theatre. There was so much "on."

Now this woman is an extraordinarily bright and well-informed person, but she is like a great many other women I know—in such close yet remote touch with her city's advantages, that she literally does not take advantage of them. New Yorkers will tell you that very often the stranger of a week within their gates, knows New York much better than they, who have lived there half a lifetime. Because the Big Galleries are just over the way for them to be dropped into at any time, they just don't drop in, that's all. It's the man hungering and thirsting for a little art who seeks them out the very day he arrives in the metropolis.

I have seen so much of this sort of thing, the "clever" city woman who hasn't the first claim to the title; the well-informed city man, who hasn't as much real knowledge as some of our own overgrown school boys; the brilliant conversationalists who scintillate only when they are discoursing on themselves and their exploits, that when I hear our own men and women sigh for the culture and advantages of city life, I smile a bit cynically, for I know that to day no one even in darkest Africa need go stale, or get rusty. What with magazines and the books at one's command and the intelligent men who are constantly going and coming in our midst, the real thirster after beauty and truth may grow and flourish quite as well in Edmonton as in the East. Perhaps we, going hungry, have a sharper appetite. Indeed I think it is so. Most of those I hear deploring the lack of culture in the West, I am afraid are the ones who add little to it themselves, take the least advantage of what there is, and back east might live ten years in a city, and at the end of the time, not know that they had a museum, or an art gallery, or a Sothern playing for them at that very moment.

It is your ragged boy from the farm who drifts into town and makes his mark. Your poor school teachers from the remote districts, who capture the University scholarships; and your man and woman who feels the lack of beauty who gets out most diligently to seek it.

West-bound, I am not necessarily provincial. No longer do I linger on deploring our lacks, for I realize that hunger is a more healthy condition than satiety, and that when I go home I am not overwhelmed with either the erudition or the stimulating influence of those with whom I come in contact. In this one more particular, the west is good enough for me.

* * *

MUSIC AND THE MAID.

(The advisability of allowing one's servants to use the piano has been discussed by correspondents of The Daily Mail.)

Mary, whom one I love saw fit to hire,
Hast thou, I wonder, music in thy soul
And dost thou in thine inmost heart desire
To let thy fingers stray o'er ivory keys,
Achieving Wagner with accomplished ease,
Till all around shall wonder and admire?
And is Queen's Hall indeed thy cherished goal?

When I have heard thee at the kitchen sink
Amid the slam of dishes and the crash
Of shivered glasses, I have groaned to think
Of treasured heirlooms in those reckless hands.
Deaf to entreaties and to stern commands
It seems to me as if thou would'st not shrink
From pooling all in one tremendous smash!

But yet, if it would sooth thy savage breast
To turn thy hands and thoughts to minstrelsy,
Then by no stern convention's law oppressed
Myself shall teach thee the piano, flute,
Sackbut or psaltery or shawm or lute,
Whichever, Mary, thus mayst fancy best,
If thus my china may be spared to me!

—Touchstone.

* * *

The world moves so fast nowadays that it is impossible to keep up with it. I never quite know myself what I've done, until I ask some kind friend, who tells me: "I hear you were in New York," or "So and So says you've made a fortune," or "I hear you're not speaking to Mrs. Blank," etc., etc.

Yesterday I stopped a man on the street to congratulate him on his engagement. "She" was a nurse. "Don't know anything about it," said he, "but who is it now?" He knew, you see, the last dozen or so, but not the very latest.

I always ask now when I return from even a day to Calgary: "Well! What did I do last?"

You can't catch up even at that, still it may enable you to pass as tolerably intelligent among your friends who know you even better than you do yourself. Home news from abroad is always entertaining. You fancy yourself forgotten, when presto! someone arises to announce you as the heroine of an episode that never was.

We call the world cruel and forgetful. Not so! The world has only too good a memory. Not only memory either, but imagination. So that you don't even need to do things any more. This thoughtful old Planet Girl is generous enough to take it as done—those things which you have left undone.

And so tongues wag, and have wagged, and will wag, as long as men are men, and women are women. Best look alive and keep well up with the game, or you will find yourself engaged when you've been five months married; will discover yourself in Toronto when you were scheduled for New York; home when you should have been in the Old Country. You really owe it to your friends and family to do something somewhere near something someone says you have done. I told my "reported engaged man" as much, but left him looking bewildered. Wonder what would happen if some of us died and they couldn't find worthy successors to fill our places?

Peggy

REMEMBERED HIS MANNERS.

Even the brightest boy in the class can be scared into stupidity by the wrong kind of teacher. "Answers" relates what one such replied to his examiner.

"You boy over in the corner!" cried the man behind the desk.

The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," continued the examiner. "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.

"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, "we l-leave them on the s-s-sides of our plates."

* * *

PART OF THE GAME.

"When you told me that you were going to play golf," said the young husband, bitterly, "I had no idea that you intended to be absent evenings as well as afternoons."

"You should have remembered," she replied, "that evenings are the only time we have to talk over the game."

DIRGE.

(London Chronicle.)

(In connection with the forthcoming Business Exhibition, a daily paper foretells the extinction of the office boy through the introduction of machinery that will do his work.)

Toll, all ye deep-toned bells,
And let the world be told
How from the tear-fount wells
The globe it cannot hold.

Bring forth the garb of woe,
And let the clerk put on
The hue that decks the crow,
The cry that marks the swan.

For never shall we hear,
With mingled pain and joy,
The whistle shrill and clear
Expressive of that boy.

No more shall seniors find
A scapegoat for their sins,
By Providence designed
To save their softer skins.

The boy is doomed—yet we
One hope perhaps may glean;
The hope that there may be
A god in the machine.

—A.W.B.

"COONCAN," LATEST CARD GAME CRAZE.

"Cooncan" has become the rage in England. It is the game of the season in clubs and country houses. Auction bridge has been squeezed into a distant corner near the window, and bridge is almost forgotten.

"Cooncan" is played every day in many London clubs. The difficulty is to get a table. Men who knew all the leads at whist, doubled freely at bridge, and plunged with prudence at "auction," now sit absorbed by the fascinating little problems of "cooncan."

The Bath Club (which, with the Portland Club, standardized the rules of auction bridge) has formulated a set of rules. For the present there are local variations of rules pertaining to nearly all the clubs and houses in which the game is played.

The Bath Club has decided that the game may be played by any number of players not exceeding five. There are no partners. Each hand is a complete game, so that a player can "cut in" whenever there is room for him, and drop out whenever he pleases. Only one player can win. All the rest pay to him, according to the value of the "pips" on the cards which they have not succeeded in playing. The club points are threepence and the maximum one shilling; the pool, if any, is limited to twenty points. No side bets are allowed.

The game is played with two packs or ordinary cards and two jokers. All are shuffled together. Ten cards are dealt to each player, and another turned up, to form the nucleus of a "rubbish heap." As his turn comes each player takes up a card, which may either be the top of the "rubbish heap" or the undisclosed top card of the pack, and in return for it places another, face upwards, on the top of the heap.

His object then is to get rid of all his cards before anybody else. He can lay down, face upwards, either three or more cards of a value, or a sequence of three or more cards of the same suit. He plays them when he pleases; if he prefers, he may hold them up for a larger coup or to prevent opening up the field for other players.

The next player does exactly the same — with this addition: he may add a single card of more, to anybody's disclosed sequences or sets of a value. He may even shift the joker to the other end of a sequence if that suits him, but the joker can only be shifted once. And so the game goes on until one player has no more cards in his hand, and he is the winner.

Women are exceedingly fond of the game. It has the engaging element of chance, tempered with some judgment, and is devoid of the finer intricacies of bridge. "Cooncan," so called because any "coon can" play it, came to this country at the beginning of the season—from America, it is believed.

Old-fashioned cardplayers, robbed of their rubber of bridge by this devastating new craze, speak of it contemptuously as "a sort of glorified Old Maid."

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page 1)

by General Buller. I was present at their first meeting after the relief of Ladysmith. General Buller did not even offer his hand to the gallant comrade who had refused to surrender. He turned to a staff officer and said in a voice intended to be heard: 'White must go home '

"Sir George White did everything in his power to help and encourage the relieving force. He repeatedly urged Sir Redvers Buller to warn him of intended attacks in order that the garrison might engage the enemy at the same time. Yet General Buller refused to give any hint. During the great assault when Sir George White sent out the heliogram, 'Am hard pressed,' when the garrison fought hand to hand for twelve hours in lightning and thunder and torrents of rain—when the key to the village was taken and retaken three times, Sir Redvers Buller never moved a man nor fired a gun to engage the Boers on the south of the Tugela. But Sir George did not complain. He was only surprised and puzzled. His amazement when General Buller advised him to surrender was so great that he refused at first to believe that the message came from the British camp; he insisted that the Boers had got hold of the cipher and had sent the heliogram to deceive him."

* * *

We hear a great deal about the science of eugenics. It is simply based on the old truth about the sins of the fathers being visited on the children. If this is so, shouldn't something be done to regulate the bringing of children into the world? Should all have the same freedom to do so? Howanyone can imagine that hereditary influences are unimportant all have the same freedom to do so?

How anyone can imagine that hereditary influences are unimportant is a mystery, in view of what we see about us on every hand. A scientific investigation conducted recently into the history of two American families serves to bring home how evil springs from evil progenitors and vice versa. One family consisted of the descendants of a notorious criminal in the middle of the eighteenth century, to whom the investigators give the fictitious name of Jukes. The other was made up of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian, who lived at the same time.

After careful research, the investigators have identified twelve hundred Jukes descendants. Of these, one hundred and thirty, including seven murderers and sixty thieves, have been convicted of crime. Three hundred have become inmates of almshouses. A large majority of the whole number have been idle or vicious persons; few have done any useful work in the world, and many have actually been a burden or a danger to society.

In the family beginning with Jonathan Edwards, fourteen hundred descendants have been identified; with almost no exceptions, they have been men and women of high character and of great usefulness. Among them have been three hundred college graduates, twelve college presidents, sixty college professors, sixty physicians, seventy-five army or navy officers, a hundred lawyers, thirty judges, and eighty public officials.

THE FUTURE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL.

The London Daily Mail, a Unionist newspaper, pays a remarkable tribute to Winston Churchill, which concludes as follows:

New and higher qualities have been displayed since he took over the Admirality. He has exhibited great and unexpected powers as an administrator and organizer. Those who considered him in the main only a fluent speaker and ambitious political intriguer were amazed by the rapid effectiveness with which he overhauled the nests and pigeon-holes of Whitehall, and the firm grasp of sound strategic principles manifested in his new scheme of fleet concentration and distribution. He dealt remorselessly with the superior personnel and the active commands; but his appointments were generally unexceptionable. His reforms have secured the confidence of the Navy; he has won that of the nation by making it clear that he is the energetic vindicator of our maritime supremacy. He has gone far to purge himself alike of the reproach of unscrupulous egotism and of his association with the Little England faction. His words as well as his acts—the Glasgow speech in particular—speak the language of a resolute patriotism; and for the first time since 1906 Conservatives feel that the Admirality is ruled by a Minister whom they can support as well as criticize.

There are those who even hope that Mr. Churchill may eventually gravitate back to his earlier political allegiance. This is extremely unlikely. There is little room for the First Lord on the Unionist front benches, even if he had not committed himself irrevocably to Home Rule and Free Trade. He will remain a Liberal; but a Liberal none the less influential because he is regarded with growing respect by moderate men outside his own connection. As Minister for the Navy, if he is strong enough to defeat the pussillanimous design of abandoning the Mediterranean, he may occupy a similar position to that long held by Sir Edward Grey—a position to some extent above the mists of party conflict. It is between the Foreign Secretary and the First Lord of the Admiralty, both concerned with the maintenance of the international position of Britain, that the race for the Liberal leadership seems to lie. Both are Imperialists as well as reformers, and the eclipse of Mr. Lloyd George and the failure of the Radical-Socialist finance render it probable that one of these Ministers will step into Mr. Asquith's place when it falls vacant. As things stand, Mr. Churchill seems to have rather the better chance of the two.

IN A SWEATSHOP.

(Richard Burton, in The Atlantic.)

Pent in, and sickening for one wholesome draught
Of air—God's gift that cities sell so dear,
They stitch and stitch. The dim lights fall upon
Bent bodies, hollowed bosoms and dead eyes.
Their very mirth is horrible to hear,
It is so joyless; every needle stroke
Knits into dainty fabrics that shall go
Where Fashion flaunts, the protest and the pain
Of ravaged lives, of souls denied their food.
At last the clock-stroke! From the beetling shop
The prisoners file, and up and down the street
Scatter to hutches humorists call Home,
To sin, to die, or, if it may be, clutch
Some pleasure fierce enough to drown the thought
That on the morrow they must meet again.

Home and Society

I hear that Mrs. Bower Campbell is not likely to leave the hospital for another fortnight. During her long rest cure she has been tremendously missed at all the parties, and among her friends, and on her reappearance the latter will almost feel like tendering her an ovation.

Miss Teefy, of Orillia, is expected on a visit to her sister, Mrs. N. D. Beck, some time next week.

* * *

The Misses Richardson are leaving this Saturday for a month's holidays at the coast.

* * *

On Tuesday Mrs. Waddell asked a few friends in to tea to meet her guest, Miss Pennock. Miss Aloysia McKenny assisted her at the tea table, and looked very pretty and girlish in a dainty summer frock.

* * *

Mrs. Jas. Douglas of the south side, gave a little good-bye tea for Mrs. Marriott of Toronto on Thursday last, the guest of honor looking very smart, in a handsome gown of king's blue, while the hostess wore a charming toilette of black and white marquisette.

In the fine big tea-room a great bowl of sweet wild roses formed a lovely centerpiece, and here Mrs. Jamieson served the ices. Mrs. Hay poured tea and Mrs. Robert Douglas and Miss Martin and Miss Wilson assisted. A number from this side went over the river to join the little party.

* * *

Miss Georgie Shibley has her sister, Miss Shibley of St. Hilda's College, Calgary, with her on a week's visit.

* * *

Mr. Alan and Miss Ruth Harvie leave for their home in Orillia this Saturday morning.

During both this and former visits to her aunt, Mrs. Ewing, this attractive young girl has made hosts of friends for herself at the Capital, all of whom will always welcome her back to Edmonton.

* * *

Miss Joan MacDonald is spending a month's holidays at the coast.

* * *

An engagement that will interest Edmontonians, is that of Mr. James Bissett to Miss Oswald Haycock of Ottawa, a pretty visitor to town on several occasions.

* * *

Mrs. Belcher, and Miss Jessie and Miss Addie Belcher, who have all been away visiting last week, the former two from Calgary and Banff, and Miss Addie from a trip to the coast.

* * *

Mrs. Johnson and Miss Grace Johnson left last week for Lake Wabamun where they have taken a cottage for the season.

* * *

Mrs. Herbert Dawson and her family and Miss Dawson of Petrolia, are away to their camp at Gull Lake for the summer.

* * *

All this week the tennis tournament has been in progress, though, as I write, no news of the finals have yet reached me.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, and Mr. and Mrs. Ghiselin, floated off on the former's now famous raft, down the river, past the bend, and far, far away, long before the sun rose on Friday morning. One may look for a thrilling story of adventure when they return to us.

* * *

Mrs. A. A. Nicholls had a merry child's party for her little three-year-old daughter, Norah, on Thursday last, when there was a huge cake and oceans of good things to delight a child's hears, and Miss Jean Turnbull and Miss Jennie Secord to assist in amusing them.

* * *

Miss Annie Merrill has moved out to 1088 Twenty-fifth St. for the summer months.

* * *

Miss Nora Campbell had a jolly girl's tea-party on Thursday last, when there was a whisper that it was in honor of a recently engaged young friend of the hostess, however those who were lucky enough to be invited had a delightful hour or two over the tea-cups, and no doubt heard all the gossip going on about town.

Miss Campbell looked very sweet in a soft mauve frock, and poured her own tea. the others all assisting in helping themselves.

Some of those present were: Miss Violet Wilson, Miss Beck, Miss Ruth Harvey, Miss Joan MacDonald, Mlle. Cauchon, Miss Anna Oliver, Miss Aloysia McKenney, and Miss Savage.

Nothing of any consequence has occurred to disturb the social waters of the Capital during the past few days. People continue to go and come, the few who are left in town to drink tea and chat over the latest engagements, and for the rest to put in a lazy time of it.

Shoals of people are building new homes for themselves, and find ample distraction in watching the progress of the work. In the autumn there should be any number of interesting house-warmings and indeed from one cause and another ever so early I venture to predict an unprecedented lot of gayety in the fall. Practically every girl in town is engaged, and some of the wedding days are already set, so between showers and luncheons and other affairs in their honor, no one should be able to complain of feeling dull.

A number of well-known people on the other hand, are going abroad for the winter. One of the most prominent specialists I hear has sold his house with all its contents, and leaves in the autumn for the continent. On his return he expects to build again.

The theatres are being splendidly patronized of late, considering the season, and "The Spring Maid" at the end of last week crowded the Empire on each evening of its performance.

There are differences of opinion regarding both the music of the opera and the ability of some of those playing the "real star parts" there could be none though so far as the scenic effects were concerned. They were beautiful, the costuming was above criticism, and the chorus unusually good-looking—if they couldn't sing.

There is a new piece in the local orchestra, by the way, that is making a most decided hit. It's a drummer lad, and maybe he can't play the drums, and maybe he can't do about ten other things at the same time I don't know where they found him, but here's hoping they never lose him again. Believe me, he's Some Drummer Boy.

Those who went out to the various camping grounds for last week-end, were almost obliged to swim there and back. Jupiter Pluvius certainly outdid him-self.

The holiday accordingly developed into a prolonged session around the fire, the consumption of an inordinate amount of delicate good things to eat, and an indeterminate smoker.

The first part of the week "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" presented by the Constance Crawley Co. drew excellent houses at the Empire.

Already this talented company has made many friends in town, and on Tuesday Miss Maud McKenny had a smart little tea at the Blue Moon for Miss Crawley, when Miss Jean Forsyth poured tea, and some of the others who had the pleasure of meeting this clever actress were: Miss Anna Oliver, Mr. Garratt, Mr. Spetia, Miss Violet Wilson, and Miss Aloysia McKenney. Across the room, at the same time, Miss Seymour had two other members of the company as her guests, Miss Ryan and Miss Irwin. Mrs. Ambrose Dickins pouring tea, and Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mr. Owen, and Mr. Beverley Owen, enjoying a chat with these two charming young visitors.

* * *

Mrs. Donald Macdonald has been the most strenuous hostess of the week, giving a charming party for her young son, Garth, on Friday last, when about forty-five dear, delightful babies thronged the pretty rooms at "Glencoe" the horrid old weather man having spoiled the lovely party which had been arranged for out-of-doors.

Despite rain and horrid thunder, however, nearly every baby put in an appearance, and everyone had a scrumptuous time, and the wee boy was showered with gifts, and the mammas came and feasted on tea and goodies and their various infant's charms.

On Wednesday again the verandah and lawn of "Glencoe" saw nearly a hundred guests come and go, when Mrs. Macdonald received with her guest, Miss Dora Bradley, young men and maidens and the married set as well, all dropping in to pay their devoirs.

Some stayed to play tennis, the court being in fine shape, but the majority just drank tea and gossiped as is their wont.

The hostess was looking most attractive in a graceful gown of white marquisette relieved with coral pink, while Miss Bradley was admired also in white, with pale blue bands ornamenting the skirt and bodice, while her lovely fair hair was arranged in one of the fashionable modes of the moment.

Mrs. Wallace Macdonald and Mrs. Tom Douglas dispensed tea and ices on the verandah, and as always where Mrs. Macdonald is concerned, everyone lingered long over their call and seemed loth to leave such pleasant surroundings when six o'clock rang.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Scoble spent last week-end the guests of Madame Thibaudeau at Lake Wabamun.

* * *

I hear that Mrs. Oliver is registered at the C.P.R. hotel at Banff, where Miss Oliver joined her mother for a visit on Thursday.

* * *

It is pleasant to read of the social success of an old friend, Madame Roy, in the following paragraph, from the well known European correspondent, The Dowager:

"Most Canadians from Quebec, who come to London, take the opportunity of making a trip to Paris. There, Canada is represented by Dr. Philippe Roy, who succeeded M. Hector Fabre. The importance of the office has considerably increased lately owing to the ever-growing number of Canadians who visit Paris and the closer connection between the two countries, which it is his function to establish. The social side of an agent general's work is not by any means the least important, and Canadians who return here from Paris, comment on the charming way in which Mme. Roy, who was Miss Helen Young, of Edmonton, makes their sojourn in the French capital enjoyable. At her receptions, which are held on Wednesdays, one usually meets some of the most delightful people in Paris."

* * *

From a Hamilton paper I clip the following notice:

"GIBSON-GLASSCO—On June 29th, at Hamilton, by the Rev. Beverly Ketchen, Dorothy Edith, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Glassco, of Hamilton, to Robert A. Gibson, of Edmonton, son of Goodwin Gibson, barrister, Toronto."

Mr. Bob Gibson will be remembered as spending last winter in town, when he was connected with the R. N. Frith Co., and was a well-known figure at the various dances, etc.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Beck left on Monday to spend some time visiting relatives in the east.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Mays and Miss Viva Sommerville spent last week-end at the C.P.R. hotel in Banff, where they met Mr. Mays on his way home from the coast.

* * *

Mrs. Galloway had a number of friends in for tea on Friday afternoon to meet Mr. and Miss Holmes, her house guests.

The hostess, Miss Holmes, and Miss Grace Johnston dispensed the hospitalities of the tea table.

* * *

Mrs. Emery left last Friday for her cottage at Gull Lake. Sometime in August Mrs. Emery will go on to spend some time at Sechelt, B.C., where Mrs. Nightingale has rented the cottage for a week, and Mrs. Donald Macdonald for another.

* * *

THE DUKE'S ITINERARY.

I have been requested by Lieut.-Colonel Lowther, Military Secretary to His Royal Highness the Governor General, to announce that the itinerary of the visit of His Royal Highness has now been arranged and is as follows:

His Royal Highness will arrive in Edmonton on the morning of Tuesday, September the 3rd next, and will remain here until 11.30 the following evening, when he will entrain for Calgary, stopping at Red Deer from 9 to 10 o'clock the next morning and will arrive in Calgary at 2 o'clock p.m. of the 5th. The duke will remain in the vicinity of Calgary until the 8th and will officially open the Irrigation Works near Gleichen on the 7th. His Royal Highness will then tour British Columbia and will return to Macleod on the evening of October 8th, remaining there until 4.30 the next afternoon. The party will arrive in Lethbridge at 6.15 p.m. of the 9th and remain there until 10 o'clock the next evening and will spend the morning of the 11th at Medicine Hat.

G. H. BABBIT,
Secretary to Lieutenant Governor.

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McDOUGALL METHODIST CHURCH
GRAND ORGAN RECITAL AND CONCERT
BY
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of HAMILTON, Ont.
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ASSISTED BY THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH
FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 19th, 1912
Admission 50c 8.30 o'clock

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Good Neighborhood. Adjoining restricted property that sells for $25 per front foot.
Schools, Churches, Stores, etc., nearby.
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VERY EASY TERMS—Quarter Cash, balance 4, 8, 12, 16 months.

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40 Jasper East, adjoining Orpheum Theatre

The Investor

"Never in my experience, and I have been now ten years, has there been such a promise as here for a bumper grain crop," said Mr. W. J. Tregillus, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, in a Calgary interview this week. "If we realize the present promise, it will be the biggest crop we have ever garnered yet. That applies to hay as well as to the grains.

"I talked with farmers from all over our province at the Calgary Exhibition and they declared that the crop as a whole promised to be the greatest in all their experience."

* * *

"Since I have been in this district, a period of more than seven years, I have never seen the prospects for wheat and other grain crops so good as at the present time," declared Mr. L. P. Strong, of the Alberta Pacific Elevator Company. "Up to the present time the weather is just what we have needed. The wheat is heading out splendidly with good long heads, and in most sections of the province, the straw is heavy. But by far the best part of the outlook is that the crops are fully three weeks earlier than usual."

* * *

"The more the general subject of American fortunes," says an American magazine writer, "is studied the more apparent it is that the only ones that show any particular stability are those which are based upon the ownership of urban land. The Gould fortune, at present only in its second generation, is rapidly going to pieces. The Astor fortune, on the other hand, is now in its fifth generation, and the young man of twenty, William Vincent Astor, who, as a result of his father's tragic death on the Titanic, has suddenly become the head of the American branch of the family, will inherit in the neighborhood of $150,000,000, which is at least eight times as much as was left, in 1848, by the first John Jacob. It is a remarkable fact that while great fortunes made in railroad and in other economic and industrial enterprises apparently last for only two or three generations, the Goelet fortune dates back nearly two centuries and the Rhinelander family almost as long. With the exception of the Astors, indeed, nearly all these great landed families in New York are descended from the old Dutch and Huguenot families who founded the city."

* * *

A Montreal despatch says: "Word has reached here that the Caisse Hypothecaire the French syndicate organized by Hon. Phillippe Roy, of Edmonton, to develop western Canada, has passed, as far as its control is concerned, into the hands of the British capitalists, who have been quietly buying its stock in the market. The syndicate has offices in Winnipeg and Edmonton."

* * *

Two years and a half ago, desiring to give his daughter a present for Christmas just a little different from the ordinary, C. W. Ghadwick, who is the big man in the Colonial Realty and Securities Company, bought three and a half acres on Yonge street, west side, between the old Belt Line and Eglinton avenue, and on the morning of Christmas, turned over the ownership papers to her.

The property cost Mr. Chadwick $7,000. He bought it from Mrs. Pugsley, whose family had held it for twenty years with no offers. He heard of it one Saturday evening and had signed up for it the next Monday.

Last week Thomas Scandlon, an agent of a big land syndicate actively engaged in the district, decided he must have the property. Mr. Chadwick telegraphed his daughter, who had married and is now Ethel G. King, M.A., and lives in Edmonton, and the gift was sold for $38,000, chiefly cash.

Mrs. King will re-invest the money about equally in Toronto and Edmonton real estate.

The property, in thirty months, sold for five times its purchase price.—Toronto World.

* * *

The Toronto Saturday Night in answer to an enquirer regarding the subdivision of River Heights, Lethbridge, states that this spring the Lethbridge Board of Trade wrote that lots situated in this subdivision were worth $200 to $300.

Many people here would be interested to know what members of the Board would be willing to purchase those lots at the price indicated.—Lethbridge Herald.

Saturday Night's reputation as an expert on western investment matters has been very sadly punctured of late.

* * *

"It would be interesting," says 'Canadian Finance,' Winnipeg, "—if someone had the time—to examine carefully into the accuracy of all the answers and statements made in a single issue of Saturday Night. Every journal trips on matter of fact from time to time, but in 'handing out knocks,' the self-constituted arbiter ought, in common fairness, to be very sure of his ground—even if circumstances are such that he feels sure of dodging an action for libel.

"In its issue of June 8th, under the heading 'Gold and Dross,' Toronto Saturday Night published this:

"'J.G., Winnipeg, asks if the Winnipeg Mercantile Trust Company's stock is a safe investment. She also asks concerning the United Canadian Oil Co.'

"To which was appended this sapient, dignified and highly grammatical reply:

"'Julia, you are out to lose your money some of these days. The Winnipeg Mercantile Trust deal in real estate, therefore, its stock is not an investment but a speculation. So far it has paid a regular dividend of 7 per cent. on its preferred shares. No balance sheet is published. As regards oil the further you keep your money away from it, the more money you will have. Don't believe anything an oil stock seller tells you and you will be right ninety-nine times in a hundred.'"

"As to oil propositions, doubtless Saturday Night stands right ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But with regard to trust companies, it has evidently struck the "odd guess."

"In its issue of June 22nd, therefore, appears this withdrawal:

"'A confusion of names in the issue of June 8th made a Gold and Dross item state that the Winnipeg Mercantile Trust Co. dealt in real estate, and for that reason the stock was not an investment, but a speculation. A company with a somewhat similar name fits the description printed in our June 8th issue, but it is not the Winnipeg Mercantile Co., which company does not deal and has never dealt in real estate and publishes a regularly certified balance sheet and has done so since the company began operations. Gold and Dross regrets the error.'"

"The withdrawal does not err in the side of being over-handsome—and omits correction of the misstatement as to preferred stock. On enquiry from the auditor of the company in question, Canadian Finance learns the following facts, at which those acquainted with the personnel of the management and directorate will not be surprised—but regarding which many of Saturday Night's readers (who may not see its unobtrusive correction) will continue to have an entirely erroneous opinion.

"'The company does not now and never has dealt in real estate, except in the capacity of agent for a client. It has no issue of preferred shares; its capital is of one class only, namely common. A balance sheet, certified by a firm of chartered accountants, has been printed and distributed each year.'

"Another instance of misinformation occurred in Saturday Night of June 15th, regarding an important fire insurance company that is just now entering the Western field. In reply to a question as to the standing of the Palatine Insurance Co., the answer was made as follows:

"'This company is perfectly safe to insure with. It is not licensed in Canada, and, therefore, its contracts are not recognized by Canadian courts.'

"In view of the fact that this well known British company received its Dominion license in March last and has for some time been arranging for active business connections throughout Canada, the manner of referring to it hardly smacks of 'the truth, the whole truth.'

"Mistakes occur even in the best regulated 'family journals'—but wielders of the journalistic 'big stick' should be careful that when they try to 'swat the pestilent fly' they don't smash useful furniture instead.

* * *

The real estate event of the week has been the sale of a million and a half dollars' worth of Hudson's Bay property, west of Sixteenth and north of Jasper. Prices went as high as $20,000 per lot. That price was paid for lot 24, block 19, by E. L. Ferris, who also bought No. 25 for $16,000.

* * *

The drawing in the G.T.P. window entitled "Proposed Union Station, McDougall Avenue," has been attracting much attention. No information as to its exact location is given out, though it apparently faces the avenue, which would mean that an application will be made for the closing of the street. The structure is of very handsome design.

* * *

"The Dowager" writes from London, under June 15 date: By degrees the Duke of Sutherland is disposing of his vast estates in this country. It is not long since he put into the market his fine seat in Staffordshire—Trentham Hall—which he had offered as a gift to the town of Stoke-on-Trent, which offer was refused owing to the high cost of upkeep. Last week his Yorkshire estates were sold under the hammer and realized nearly a quarter of a million dollars. It is now reported that Stafford House, one of the finest residences in London has been sold. It will be remembered that the magnificent furnishings and works of art which are the envy of European connoisseurs caused Queen Victoria to say to a former duchess: "I come from my house to your palace." The duke is also selling a portion of his Lilleshall estate and is stated to be arranging for the disposal of some of his Scottish property. Taken in conjunction with his purchases of land in Canada these sales are believed to indicate that he intends to devote himself entirely to the development of his new possessions and take up permanent residence in the Dominion.

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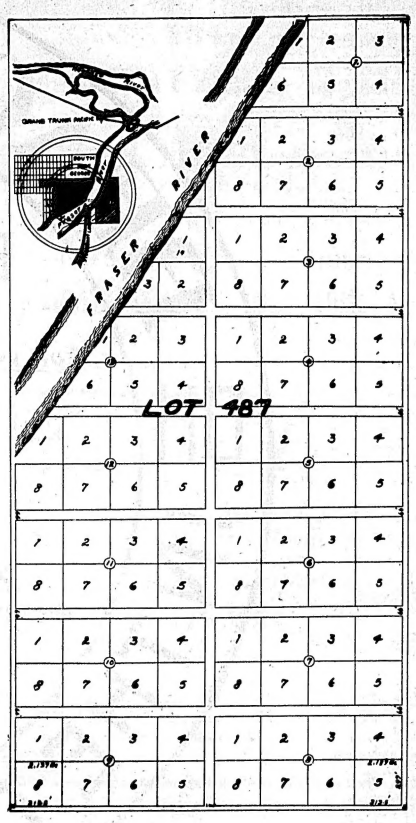

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Music and Drama

PLAGUES AT THE PLAY.

"Well-dressed," (and well-fed, and well-meaning, God knows!),
They arrive when the play is half ended;
As they pass to their stalls, through the tightly packed rows
They beruffle your hair and they tread on your toes.
Quite unconscious of having offended!
Then they argue a bit as to how they shall sit,
And uncloak in a leisurely fashion,
While they act as a blind to the people behind
Who grow perfectly purple with passion;
Till at last, by the time they are seated and settled,
Their neighbors all around them are thoroughly nettled!

A programme, of course, they've forgotten to buy,
(This in audible accents they mention),
And whenever some distant attendant they spy
They halloo or give vent to remarks such as "Hi!"
In attempts to attract her attention.
After this (which is worse) they will loudly converse.
And enjoy a good gossip together
On the clothes they have bought and the colds they have caught,
On the state of the crops and the weather.
Till they leave, in the midst of some tense "situation"
That's spoilt by their flow of inane conversation.

O managers, pray, am I asking too much
If I beg that these "persons of leisure"
Be confined in a sound-proof and separate hutch
If their nightly theatrical manners are such
As to spoil other playgoers' pleasure?
For it can't be denied that a play house supplied
With a cage for such talkative parrots,
Or a series of stalls (of the kind that have walls
And some hay and a couple of carrots)
Would bestow on the public a boon and a blessing
And deal with an evil in need of redressing!

—London Observer.

* * *

We all know them. In Edmonton fortunately late-comers are forced to remain at the rear till the end of the first act. But the people who talk are a constant nuisance. The worst offenders are spooning young couples, who apparently have come to the play to enjoy one another's sparkling remarks rather than anything that is being said on the stage. Frequently those sitting near by have had to ask them to keep quiet, which is never a pleasant thing to do.

Since Miss Henrietta Crosman's visit to Edmonton some absurd statements have been current in regard to her age. This is a matter in regard to which there is no need to accept what gossip has to say. A public personage's age can always be found from an encyclopaedia, and on consulting this we learn that Miss Crosman was born in September, 1870, and is accordingly in her 42nd year. She started her stage career in 1889. Success came early and from 1892 to 1894 she was Charles Frohman's leading woman. She was married in 1897 to Maurice Campbell, who then became and still is her manager.

* * *

"The Spring Maid" pleased Edmonton theatregoers. It was exceedingly well staged; the company was an attractive-looking one and the principals averaged well. But it can hardly be said that the opera is up to the standard of the successes of other years from a musical or any other standpoint. There is too much horse-play for one thing.

* * *

The popularity of our recent visitor, Bunty, she who pulled the strings, is not waning either in London or New York. Edmontonians hardly realize how fortunate they were in witnessing so excellent a production as that in which Miss Molly McIntyre had the title role. London Punch has this to say anent the play:

One of the papers has been printing an analysis of the visits of distinguished persons to that play in which a crafty little Scotch body pulls strings. According to this, the Prime Minister has been five times, the First Lord of the Admiralty six times, Lord Curzon five times, the Chancellor of the Exchequer four times, Mr. Balfour four times and Mr. Redmond (who is himself not wholly ignorant of the art of string-pulling) twice. One lady unnamed goes to the play once a week, and a suburban clergyman has been six-and-twenty times. These figures speak well; but there are more eloquent signs of popularity still. Let me tell you.

A few weeks ago I was visiting a house where pet animals are numerous and choice. In the course of breakfast I was suddenly aware of a soft and comfortable weight on my shoulders; and behold, a grey Persian cat had leaped from the ground to that position, and was already tickling my cheek with her whiskers. I am the last person on earth to resent such a compliment; but my hostess had fears that I might not be, for she was full of apologies for Bunty's audacity and begged me to put her down.

A few days later, having tea in a Kensington house, I was most prettily and coaxingly approached by another cat, who wanted attention, and again my hostess implored Bunty not to be such a nuisance. And then this morning it was my privilege to be in practically at the birth of a litter of kittens in the country, one of which was at once appropriated by the youngest daughter of the house and, regardless of sex, christened Bunty out of hand.

And when you come to think of it, you whose privilege it has been to watch a kitten with a ball of wool or a cotton reel, there could not be a better name. What I am wondering is, how many Bunty cats England boasts at this moment?

* * *

Lord North was once asked why he did not subscribe for a certain series of concerts, as his brother, the bishop, had done. "If I were as deaf as my brother," he answered, "I would." In "The Musical Amateur" Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler tells Berlioz's story of the young woman in the music store to indicate the sort of performer whose audience would find deafness a positive boon.

"But, mademoiselle," suggested the clerk, "will not this piece in five sharps perhaps be rather too difficult?"

"Pooh!" she replied, disdainfully. "That is all one to me. Whenever I find more than two sharps or flats, I scratch them out with my penknife."

* * *

A revival has just taken place in London of Pinero's early comedy, "The Amazons," well-remembered by playgoers of twenty years ago.

The play tells in whimsical, fantastic manner of the strange notion of the eccentric Lady Castlejordan, who, bitterly, disappointed at having no son, brought up her three lovely daughters as three stalwart young sportsmen, and trained and dressed them accordingly. Naturally in course of time, these young women discover that Cupid's darts pierce a Norfolk jacket as easily as a silk blouse. Meeting three more or less eligible young men, the girls easily succumb to the dictates of nature, and donning their prettiest frocks, say farewell to their boyhood forever.

The great success of the production was scored, according to the London papers, by Miss Marie Lohr, as the youngest Amazon. Miss Lohr has come very rapidly to the front in the past year or so. The other daughters were Miss Pauline Chase and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Perry, but neither appear to have added to their reputations through their work.

* * *

A Paris dramatic critic, Mr. Ernest Charles, is defendant in a suit for damages brought by Gaby Deslys. After the suit was instituted, he wrote:

"It will be a trial of certain of today's music hall spectacles, and will decide if they have the power to add more and more to the British stupidity of the crowd by their incoherence, pornography and stale coarseness. It is a case which I have often pleaded in my writings, and I am glad to have the opportunity of arguing it before the tribunals. Perhaps a much needed revolt by people of taste will be the outcome."

The article in question, which is really not likely to have such a far-reaching effect, says the dancer represents the "monstrous extravagance of snobism through the aid of the gigantic power of publicity." He denies that she can sing or dance, then says: "What does she do?" Answering his own question, M. Charles says she makes an exhibition of herself, and adds: "An exhibition that is vice in our times. Nowadays nobody seeks to win public notice—each seeks to capture it by surprise. Glory is not gained—it is taken by violence. Is there a writer, dramatist, poet or philosopher who does not imitate Gaby Deslys more or less?"

After referring to one of Gaby's turns as combining Anglo-American sentimentality and international pornography, M. Charles regrets that she sacrifices herself to renown gained under exceptional conditions and developed by advertisement. He concludes by comparing her to a "phenomenon or monster on exhibition at a country fair." It was this latter phrase more than any other which stirred up Gaby's resentment.

It is well that some one has had the courage to say these things. Nothing could be more disgusting than the way in which this young woman has been able to draw crowds on two continents simply on the strength of her having at one time attracted the unfortunate young King of Portugal. It has been denied over and over again that he ever had anything to do with her but the public accepted the story and Gaby's press agents have elaborated on it.

* * *

McDOUGALL CHURCH ORGAN.

The new organ for the McDougall Methodist Church is nearing completion and will be formally opened on Friday evening the 19th by an Organ Recital and concert. Mr Wm. H. Hewlett, Mus. Bac., of Hamilton, Ont., one of the most talented concert organists of Canada, has been engaged for the occasion and will be assisted by the choir of the church. This organ is probably the largest and most powerful instrument west of Toronto, containing four manuals and pedals, fifty-three speaking stops, thirty couplers and composition pistons, and a chime of 25 bells. The wind pressures vary from five to ten inches. The action is electro pneumatic throughout and the wind is supplied by a large Kinetic blower of ten horse power. The organ was built by the well known firm of Karn-Morris Co., of Woodstock, Ont., from the specification of Mr. V. P. Hunt, the organist of the church, in consultation with Mr. F. S. Warren, the pioneer organ builder of Canada, who is an artist in organ building. These specifications were also submiitted to several leading organ experts so that everything has been done to make the organ perfect in every detail and one which is a credit not only to McDougall church but to the City of Edmonton.

* * *

EDMONTON ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.

The concert given by this society at the Garland Theatre on Sunday evening showed a distinct im-

(Continued on page eight)

The Saturday News

An Alberta Weekly Review Published by Saturday News, Limited.

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Hours: 9.30 to 11 a.m.; 1.30 to 6.30 p.m.

Tuesday and Saturday evening, 8 to 10.30 p.m.

The faith of Edmontonians in Decoteau was well justified, even though he did not pull off the event in which he was entered at the Olympic games. He did very much better than anyone outside of this city expected. It was no small thing even to get into the final against such seasoned and carefully trained competitors from all parts of the world that he had to meet.

* * *

The first series of the Western Canada baseball league has ended with Red Deer on top and Bassano complaining that the game of last Saturday in Edmonton should not have been played in the rain. Without it Bassano would have headed the league.

Even its best friends will not say that the league has been a howling success. The fact that the two small towns have beaten out the cities is a good thing for interest in the game in the former, but it is the patronage of the latter that makes the mare go, and neither in Edmonton or Calgary has any wild excitement been manifested.

* * *

For pure science a good lightweight boxing bout is hard to beat and that at Diamond Park this week between Scaler and Potts was one of the best that has ever been seen here. There is no question that Scaler deserved the decision that was given him and when he meets Bayley something really interesting may be looked for.

* * *

Even if Edmonton did finish in the cellar position in the baseball league, it did not matter so far as the advertising value of the league went, for the Winnipeg Free Press has a heading on its front page which runs: "Edmonton clinches the First Series." What does it matter if you have a team that can play ball or not, so long as you stand in with the newspapers?

* * *

A new golf open champion has arisen in England, Edward Ray, who has been a close competitor in other years, winning out by a small margin from Harry Vardon who had already been champion five times.

Ray is one of the tallest and strongest golfers of the day. He stands 6 feet 1 inch, and weighs 189 pounds. From early boy-hood he has been a tremendously long driver, and for several years past has been the most dangerous opponent of that great "triumvirate" Harry Vardon, James Braid, and J. H. Taylor. It is told of Ray that when he entered for his first championship in 1899 he only carried three clubs in his bag, a driver, an iron and a putter.

The new open champion is rarely seen playing without a briar pipe between his lips. In fact golf without tobacco seems an absolute impossibility to him.

* * *

England has won another cricket test match from South Africa but not by such a large margin as to show South Africa altogether outclassed. The colony's main batting reliance, Faulkner, who was responsible for the good showing in Austraila almost altogether, has not shown the form that was expected of him.

The cricketer of the year is undoubtedly McCartney, of Australia. On June 17 he was at the head of both the batting and bowling averages. He had made an average of 60 runs. Since then he has put together several good scores. His 90 in the test against England was after this date. The critics speak most enthusiastically of that performance. Fry, who was running second to him in the batting averages, has since made 203, not out, for Hampshire against Oxford University, which will probably put him in the lead.

A feature of the season is the return to cricket of the famous Ranji, now the Jam of Nawanager. He put together 118 the other day in playing for Sussex against Kent and has an average of over forty.

The county championship is very uncertain. Notts was leading on June 17 by a small margin over Lancashire but has since been defeated. Northamptonshire is showing surprising form, being in third place at that date.

* * *

Mike Shea, an athlete well known to followers of lacrosse and other games in the east some years ago, is now conducting the sporting page of the Winnipeg Free Press. The views which he expresses in the following tally with what have been found in this department of The Saturday News from time to time and are shared by all lovers of real sport:

W. L. Maltby, of the M.A.A.A., Montreal, is out with the statement that the amateur lacrosse clubs of the present day are but schools for the professional ranks, and this is quite true, but Mr. Maltby overlooks the fact that institutions of the kind with which he is connected, and similar ones in Ottawa and Toronto, were the first to make professionalism possible in hockey and lacrosse. While the institutions referred to were amateur in name and largely in spirit, they possessed great influence in the commercial world and men were provided with situations that improved their positions in life and acted as inducements to desert the clubs with which they were affiliated. It was attractive propositions of this kind that induced many men to leave the clubs of their own towns and seek the colors of organizations in larger centers. While this was within the letter of the amateur rule it was a distinct infraction of the spirit. The man who leaves a club with which he has grown up and is given a situation that improves his position, and at a salary larger than his commercial ability should command, is as much a professional as the man who weekly or monthly, as the case may be, appears at the cashier's wicket for the regular stipend paid for his athletic services. Besides this, players oftentimes were given positions for which they were totally unfitted and in which they would not be tolerated by the management were it not for their ability as athletes. These players were kept on the payroll in offices and establishments as long as they were showing skill on the field of play, but once they were of no further use as athletes they were left to shift for themselves without any calling in life, and at an age too late to start and learn. The inroads of professionalism are loudly censured by officers of many of the leading amateur bodies in the country, but an inside history of the doings of these same bodies will show that these organizations, directly or indirectly, were the first to stoop to practices that while it did not leave them open to the charge of professionalism, gave the athlete the idea that he should be recompensed in some way for his services.

* * *

Eddie Collins makes a contribution to a subject being very much discussed at the present moment. No one has argued that players themselves should undertake to punish offensive spectators. But protection should be given them and an attempt made to encourage a more generous and sportsmanlike spirit on the part of the crowd. Mr. Collins writes:

The strike of the players of the Detroit baseball team brings into the strongest limelight the most disagreeable feature of the professional baseball player's life.

I mean the criticisms from the spectator's stands.

Frequently this criticism is unjust and unwarranted, but players have to "stand the gaff." In some cities it is worse than in others. Boston to my mind is the fairest city in the major leagues. There a visiting player receives better treatment and is given recognition for a good play, even though it works to the disadvantage of the home club.

Detroit people are hard losers, and visiting players are subjected to verbal abuse from the bleachers. The reason this is so noticeable is because of the proximity of the stands to the base line in both fields.

The remarks of the boisterous fan are usually of a "kidding" nature, and it depends, nine times out of ten, upon the individual against whom they are directed, how he chooses to interpret them.

If a player gives sign that he has heard a remark, he is wise to pass it off with a jest rather than give vent to his feelings and show a frown.

A smile beats any other action a thousand ways. "Germany" Schaefer is the best example I know. Of course he is an exception, but he has always something funny and amusing to say to the bleacherites, and they are really for him, rather than against him.

The primary intention of the fan in shouting and hooting is to detract the player's mind from his work and "get him up in the air."

Naturally any player who allows himself to be influenced by such taunts and replies is likely to bring more abuse upon himself and he is always the loser. Nine times out of ten a player cannot single out the person who has called to him, and if he does his reply is drowned in a torrent of hoots.

"Let 'em howl" is the only dope I can see. There have been incidents where an obnoxious fan has sought a front seat and picked on one player continually. This happened on the old Columbia Avenue grounds in Philadelphia, when Rube" Waddell was pitching.

It was afterwards discovered that the spectator who aroused Rube's ire and caused him to leap over the railing and beat him up, had wagered a big sum on the contest, and as he saw the Athletics forging ahead figured the only chance he had of winning laid in Waddell's retirement.

However, his disgusting method of bringing about Rube's downfall resulted in a beating for him and Rube was allowed to finish and win his game. A three-day suspension followed and Rube took a fishing trip.

There have been numerous similar incidents where a player subjected to abuse sought revenge upon the spot. A story is told of how "Steve" Brodie halted a game, grabbed the score boy's ladder, climbed up in the bleachers and chased a fan-bug who had been "riding" him.

Of course, Tyrus Cobb's fuss in New York stands out just now in taking a punch at a spectator because the latter had called him a vile name. But only personal satisfaction is gained, and such action means suspension. The club's chances are jeopardized by such action.

When a ball player feels he is abused by a spectator he has only to appeal and the umpire will order an officer to evict the insulter.

But you can rest assured that while baseball reigns supreme fans will have their say, and the player who can't stand being called a "bonehead" had better give up hope of becoming a fixture.

If satisfaction must be had let redress be off the field. If a man who sees fit to curse a player in uniform has courage, he won't be afraid to repeat it after the game and then let them have it out. If the spectator does not have the nerve, then he is a coward and the worst is too good for him.

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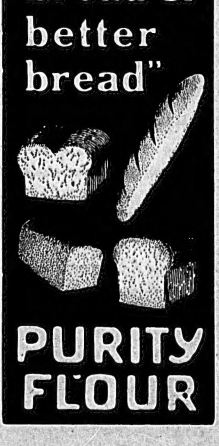

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

(Continued from page 6)

provement in the general ensemble and tonal balance; the subordination of the accompaniment and the prominence of the melody and obligatos throughout piano and forte passages struck one especially.

Special mention must be made of the rendition of Thomas' "Entracte Gavotte from Mignon," Suppe's ever popular "Poet and Peasant," the Intermezzo "Russe," by Franke, and Brahms, "Hungarian Dance" No. 5; all of which showed great technical ability, artistic treatment and skilful conductorship. Mr. Bullock, the musical director, has a masterful yet simple style, devoid of eccentricity, which, combined with the musicianly kuowledge and experience of most of the members, results in a combination calculated to do justice to a musical programme; and which it would be hard to duplicate.

The orchestra was ably assisted by Mr. Gavin Spence whose vocal solos called forth hearty applause, he being compelled to respond to encores on both occasions. His singing of "Annie Laurie" and "Crossing the Bar" being particularly pleasing.

To one who has lived in Edmonton for some time, the playing of the orchestra was a musical treat, to be compared most favorably with larger and more mature associations, in the older and larger cities of the Dominion and other parts of the world.

Edmonton should be proud of the success of this society, and must see that it is assured as a permanent institution, to be augmented by more players, so that the larger and more ambitious compositions can be played, as well as adding more tonal color to the less exacting classics and popular numbers.

OUR INCOMPETENT HELPMATES

Two great questions of the day have combined to make the American house-wife a favorite subject for criticism. One is the suffrage movement, and the other is the problem of high prices. Opponents of female suffrage have argued that the American woman's aspirations for political rights are presumptuous and ill-judged when we consider her record as a homemaker. Put in mild form, the question runs, Why should woman hanker after new and comparatively unimportant interests, when she has still so much to learn in her ancient business of tending the hearth and the cradle? Put in severe form, the question runs, How can woman consider herself fit for the duties of political life after making such a bad mess of her domestic responsibilities. This assumption of incompetence and failure, more or less complete, underlies both questions. The cost of living question comes in to reinforce the argument. Since it is a problem that has to do with food and clothes and gas bills and rent, the tendency is to place greater responsibility on woman as the consuming partner than on the man the producer. It has been woman's immemorial function to stretch a very definite income so as to meet a very indefinite number of needs. Hence the assumption arises that, in spite of Trusts and tariff and gold production and bad crops as factors in the problem, the woman could make things go, if only she would give her mind to it.

No arraignment of the American woman's deficiencies can be considered complete if it does not bring forward that dear old friend, the middle-class Frenchwoman with her 'pot-au-feu' and her high stool behind her husband's cash-box. We all know what this wonderful French housewife does. She compounds delicious meals out of the remnants of earlier meals, something the American housewife never does. She is death on waste, whereas the American housewife never stops to consider the subject. The Frenchwoman feeds her family on what the American woman throws away. And—to wander a little way from the kitchen— she is there behind her husband's counter helping to create wealth, while her American sister never takes the slightest interest in where the money comes from and spends her leisure time presumably at bridge. That these are the facts in the case has apparently never been questioned. That they really are not the facts would appear to any unprejudiced observer who gave his mind to the matter. A study of our American cook books, with their extraordinary range of devices for the economic utilization of food, ought to be enough to settle the question. If our comic literature is at all a reflex of the national life, one might cite the vast cycles of humor that have been built up about the boarding-house hash and the successive daily transformations of the Thanksgiving turkey from its holiday debut as a bird to its final appearance as a stew. The legend of wastefulness in the American kitchen is a monstrous exaggeration.

This is not to say that our standards of domestic economy can quite compare with French domestic thrift. But neither does the American standard of life as a whole compare with Continental standards of thrift. The American housewife is no more wasteful in comparison with the European housewife than the American husband is in comparison with the European husband. The laborer in this country, out of his limited wages, spends on his extra-domestic comforts—his social circle in the saloon, his barber, and his bootblack—a weekly sum that is ridiculously extravagant judged by European standards. Of course we live high and we waste. We waste in our households, we waste in our insurance companies and savings banks, we waste in our municipalities and our State governments and our national government. We waste property and we waste life, and the pinch of high prices, if it is to be met at all by the practice of economies, demands economy all round. The problem will not be solved by concentrating on the grocer's and the butcher's bill. There is no justice in demanding that the woman in the kitchen shall make atonement for the extravagances that permeate the entire national life. It is all the more unjust because the woman in the kitchen concerns herself with the very necessities of life. One may economize and save and scrimp, but in the last resort the American woman cannot abandon her butcher or her grocer on the ground that they are a bad habit; whereas cigars and drink and the bootblack are obviously not essential toward sustaining life.

Home-making, to a certain extent, is not exempt, of course, from the laws that shape all forms of human occupation. In successful home-making intelligence counts, character counts, training and knowledge count. The extraordinary development of domestic science teaching shows that there is a field here for the educator. But, after all, the business of the home can never be made an exact science and art, and we have no right to expect the same results that are obtained by scientific management in the highly specialized fields of industry, commerce, or the professions. For the essence of the question is that the scene of woman's operations is not a shop but a home, and that the system she has to sustain is not the factory system but the family. It is an axiom that the highest efficiency in industry is conditioned by the highest specialization. But woman's work admits of no specialization. In the mere, comparatively sordid act of preparing dinner she is compelled to perform a number of economic functions; she must have sufficient commercial skill to purchase her raw materials in the open market; she must have sufficient technical skill to transform the raw material into a finished product; she must have sufficient advertising skill to make her product palatable to a public whose psychological vagaries must be taken into account no less than its physical appetities. And that means dinner only. But woman in the house bears also the functions of nurse, teacher, poilceman, judge, dressmaker, and mother. She dare not specialize and she should not be expected to do any one thing supremely well. To judge her by Mr. H. G. Wells' ideally scientific standards of housekeeping is absurd.——The 'Nation,' New York.

* * *

KEEPING THE LIGHT.

To the long roll of brave and devoted souls who have done their duty in circumstances so hard as to call for real heroism, the name of Mrs. Peter Borque must be added. One day, during a storm, her husband, the keeper of the Bird Rock Lighthouse on the Nova Scotia coast, slipped and fell into the sea. In spite of her frantic efforts to save him, the unfortunate man was drowned.

After her first burst of grief, Mrs. Borque began to realize her terrible situation. She and her baby were alone in the midst of the sea; she could expect no help from the nearest house, fully nine miles away; the lighthouse supply vessel came to Bird Rock only four times a year. But deeper than her grief and loneliness was the sense of responsibility that came to her; no matter what happened, the light must continue to burn.

Day after day she tended the light and sounded the fog-signal. She prayed that the storm would abate and allow her to snatch a few moments' rest. But the wind only howled the fiercer and the fog settled down heavier than ever. It was the worst storm in years. For five days and nights she did not sleep a wink.

There was food in plenty, but Mrs. Borque had no time to cook it. The bitter wind drove through the walls and chilled her to the bone. Night and day, even when she crawled up into the tower, she hugged her little baby in her arms. There was no other way in which to keep the child warm.

Finally she became so exhausted that she feared to leave the tower at all, lest she might not be able to return. For two days she stayed there by the light, almost in a stupor, only rousing now and then to tend the light or sound the fog-horn.

On the eleventh day, Mrs. Borque saw a ship in the distance. Sobbing with relief and joy, she tolled the lighthouse bell. But the ship kept on its course, and the agonizing fear that the men on the vessel might not hear seized her. Summoning all her remaining strength, she tolled the bell again. Then, at last, she saw the ship put about and come toward the lighthouse, and knew that she was understood. With a sob of joy, she sank exhausted to the floor. It is said that the government will give the brave woman a life pension.

* * *

ONE WOMAN HAS HER RIGHTS.

Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Rafferty were exchanging ideas across the shabby fence which separated their respective domains. The conversation turned on the subject of woman suffrage. The Philadelphia Record quotes the first lady as saying: "Are ye taking much stock in this attimpt that a lot iv th' wimmin are making to get th' vote f'r us, Mrs. Rafferty?"

"I ain't bothering me head about it," declared Mrs. Rafferty. "I'm satisfied to let Dinny and th' bys do all th' voting for me family. But I do think that a lady shud get a man's pay."

"Well," replied Mrs. Kelly, "all I kin say is, Mrs. Rafferty, that I get one man's pay, or know the reason why, ivery Saturday night."

* * *

ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN.

It is an open question if the old fisherman in the following story ever got the right answer to the problem that was puzzling his head. A writer in Everybody's Magazine, at least, leaves one in doubt on that score. The riddle was this: "If a herring and a half costs a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling?" The old fisherman had worked on it for some time.

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" he asked, at last.

"I didn't say mackerel; I said herring," explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the other. "I've been figuring on mackerel."

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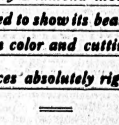
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